

A VISIT TO JUDGE HERRICK AT HIS HOME

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR AS HE IS KNOWN TO HIS NEIGHBORS IN ALBANY

POPULAR IN PUBLIC AND IN PRIVATE LIFE—
HIS CAREER AND HIS GUIDING PRECEPTS



THE HOUSES OF JUDGE HERRICK AND MRS. DANIEL MANNING, JUDGE HERRICK'S TO THE RIGHT.



JUDGE
D. CADY HERRICK.



MRS. HERRICK



JUDGE HERRICK IN HIS LIBRARY.



CHARLES HERRICK.



MISS HELEN D. HERRICK.



MISS BERTHA HERRICK.

It can truthfully be said that the most popular citizen of Albany to-day is Judge D. Cady Herrick, the Democratic nominee for Governor. Albany is both proud and fond of him.

It is about six city blocks from the home of Judge Herrick to the City Hall. And every morning, the year around, when he is in town, the Judge can be seen coming down the hill at the same time. He leaves his home at precisely 8 o'clock, and the neighbors thereabouts set their clocks by him.

The Judge walks down the hill, goes through the City Park and enters the City Hall, which stands at the foot of the hill looking up Washington avenue.

Judge Herrick is a tall man, heavily built, with a face that is handsome and placid, even peaceful, in its expression.

His hair, which is grayish, is brushed smoothly down. In front a lock hangs down over the eyes. In olden days his political opponents used to judge Mr. Herrick's mood by this lock, which took on various phases during the day as he became more or less agitated.

Judge Herrick is not one of those statesmen who began life on nothing at all. His father was Jonathan Herrick, a banker, of Schoharie county, and his grandfather, Daniel Herrick, was a personal man of that county before him.

When the time came to name the boy his father said:

"I do not like long names. My own name is Jonathan Richards Herrick. I have suffered all my life from a tremendous name. My son shall not be burdened in this way."

And so Judge Herrick's name is not a long one. It is just D.

David Cady was a friend of the family and Daniel Cady was a relative. But the boy was named D-Cady Herrick. The D is hyphenated.

Although he had a banker for a father and a line of wealthy relatives, the boy did not rely upon any of these, but determined to start out for himself. He took lodgings in Albany and went about the study of the law in his own way.

At the age of 4 he met with an accident. While climbing a fence he slipped and caught his foot in a knot hole. The result was a twisted leg and a dislocated hip.

For many years he was an invalid, and when he finally recovered he found himself with a crippled leg which left him with a decided limp. Though he is a great walker, Judge Herrick still has this limp.

Something of a recluse in his young manhood, he loved to row upon the river and to get away where he could study people and see life as it was. It was years before he outgrew this studious tendency and to this day he likes to slip into the library, where, with the latest novel, he can spend a quiet hour reading.

In those early days the boy spent his vacations around New York city. Then for many years after he was married he sought the Atlantic Highlands. But for the last ten years he has been going down to Moriches, L. I., where in a catboat he can lie all day reading and sailing.

No man on the bench has ever worked harder than Judge Herrick. He thoroughly enjoys his profession and his work. He likes the law and sympathizes with those who are in distress.

"But there is one class of criminal with whom I have little patience, and that is the wealthy criminal," says he. "I feel sorry for the poor man who has been tempted and has fallen. I am always ready to sentence him lightly, and sometimes it worries me because I have been so very easy with him."

"But I can understand how he was tempted. I can see the hard life he has led. I can feel his struggle. I know his tempta-

tions. And for the life of me I cannot sentence him heavily.

"But when it comes to the rich man, that is different. He has had little excuse for his fall. I have small sympathy for him. 'I have been accused of liking the poor man, I do like him. I can understand him. I can see how decent he is, how hard he has tried, and how well he has done with his surroundings.'"

Yesterday a man came into Democratic headquarters in Albany and laid down \$25.

"It is for the campaign fund," said he to Judge Herrick. "Twenty years ago I was in hard luck and you helped me out. When I told you my story you didn't sentence me as heavily as you might have done. I haven't seen you since, but I haven't forgotten you. I am on Easy street now, and I am for Herrick."

Judge Herrick's charming manner, his ready grace, his wit, his scholarliness, and his learning make him a welcome guest in any home.

The Judge is not a rich man himself, nor a poor man. He has what Oliver Wendell Holmes describes as just enough. He has made no fortune, whether in politics or on the bench, and he is not interested in any schemes of any kind. He owns a pretty house in Albany and is comfortable and that is all. He has enough for his needs and is beyond worry.

Judge Herrick's family consists of six members. They are the Judge and his wife, Miss Helen Herrick, Miss Bertha Herrick, Charles Herrick and Miss Salisbury, Mrs. Herrick's sister.

The Herrick family is the most united family in Albany. Comparisons are odious. But all agree that there is not another family like the Herrick family in all the Empire State! So there is no reason for not making the fact public.

The Judge is in love with his family and his family are in love with him. And there is no mistake about it. When you see the Judge you are pretty sure to see his family also.

"I went up to interview the Judge," said a politician. "I arrived at 6 o'clock in the evening and the Judge sat at dinner with his family. I called again at 8 and he sat in the library surrounded by his family. At 10 I called and he was still surrounded by his family."

It would be hard to find the Judge when he is not surrounded by his family.

Mrs. Herrick, like the Judge, comes of an old Albany family. Her name was Salisbury, and it is impossible to find a time when the Salisbury family didn't live in Albany. There is a rumor that an ancestor, a great-great-grand uncle, tended the gates of the city when Fort Orange was a small settlement.

Certainly the two families are the oldest thereabouts. In the Herrick genealogy, recently published, there is an account of the family doings in the days when sailboats were the only craft on the Hudson. And another published genealogy tells how a member of the Salisbury family sent 200 miles for a pair of silk stockings in which to dance at the Governor's inauguration.

So, being a Governor will not be such a startling innovation to Judge Herrick. He has been prepared for it by a long line of good ancestry.

It is said in these days that a man cannot obtain his education in his native town. But Judge Herrick's education was obtained entirely in the Dutch town to which he came when he wore dresses and where he has since lived.

When a boy young Herrick went to private schools, and as he grew older he studied under tutors and in private schools, colleges and the law school, until he was finally admitted to the bar. He and William McKinley were classmates in Albany in 1867.

It is said that in those days he was very

bashful, and that he went into politics to avoid women clients. He would hold down a chair and transact business with perfect satisfaction to his men clients, but at the switch of a petticoat he was seized with a panic. After five years of this trepidation he decided to enter the political arena.

In 1880 Mr. Herrick was elected District Attorney, and in 1883 he was reelected. In 1885 he was appointed Corporation Counsel of the city of Albany, and he was elected to the Supreme Court in 1891.

He has been a friend of all the party leaders and was on terms of the closest friendship with Daniel Manning, Samuel J. Tilden, Roswell P. Flower and Grover Cleveland. He has had wide experience and has seen life in all its phases.

No one seeing the polished Judge of these days, holding court with the utmost suavity, and surrounded by a crowd of fashionably dressed women, would suppose that once upon a time he was so bashful that he could scarcely utter a word in the presence of the fair sex.

Judge Herrick's appearance is rather that of a gentleman of the old school. Though only 58 he has the polished courtliness of the days of yore. He escorts his wife into the dining room and bows her to her seat as though she were a lady of the Elizabethan court and he a knight. And if there is such a thing as homespun statesmanship he has never fallen into its rut. He is a Democrat without the crudities of the Andrew Jackson days.

And, speaking of Andrew Jackson, there are citizens of Schoharie who still vote for Andrew Jackson for President. One of those called upon Judge Herrick a few nights ago.

"I vote for Andrew Jackson every four years," said this gentleman. "And so do my neighbors. I would rather vote for a dead lion than for a live jackass. But this year we are all going to vote for Herrick."

If Judge Herrick is elected he will be the first Governor to come out of Albany, though he has been an Albanian for fifty years. The Judge was born at Esperance, Schoharie county, a county which has a record. It has the smallest percentage of foreign born population of any county in the State, the smallest percentage of illiterate, and the largest percentage of voting Democrats.

Social life in Albany depends largely upon the personnel of the Governor's family. And upon the entertainments of the Governor's family Albanians depend for their social register.

The Flower family entertained lavishly. The Roosevelt family entertained well and generously. They were exceedingly popular with all classes. The Blacks fed their guests on saltines and chocolate, and the Odells have not done very much.

Miss Helen Herrick, who is a graduate of the Misses Ely's school on Riverside Drive, came out three seasons ago. All the fashion of the capital city was present on that occasion. She is a handsome brunette of much vivacity and with a talent for dressing well. While a well read young woman, she is in social life and enjoys being a part of the capital city.

Miss Bertha Herrick, the younger sister, also was graduated at the Ely school. At her debut Mrs. Alton Parker poured tea. Her room is in yellow and white, the Ely colors, and a great Ely banner decorates one whole side of her room.

Charles Herrick is a lawyer in Albany. He has chambers in the Commercial Bank Building and is associated with John Delehanty, son-in-law of Daniel Manning. Mr. Herrick has a large law practice, and though repeatedly urged to enter the political arena, has not as yet been tempted to do so.

He is a fine speaker at the bar, is a six-footer, a crack shot, a fine equestrian and a Judge of blooded dogs. He is a member of the University Club and is what Albany

calls a rising young man.

Mrs. Herrick herself is not a club woman. For the reason that there are no women's clubs in Albany. But she is very active in charitable work. The family belong to the Dutch Reformed Church, and Mrs. Herrick and her daughters are engaged in its numerous affairs. Mrs. Herrick is president of the board of lady managers of the Albany Orphan Asylum and is an active member of the Industrial Society of the Albany Hospital; she contributes to and inquires into the matters of the Albany Mission.

Miss Helen and Miss Bertha are members of the Daughters of the Revolution. Both Mrs. Herrick and the Judge are fond of young people. One of Judge Herrick's great pulls lies with the young men. He is fond of the young and has a great faculty for making them like him. His smile is absolutely hypnotic and there is nothing he enjoys more than being invited to a banquet of young men.

"I like to keep from growing old," he says.

But really he associates with young men because he enjoys their society, sympathizes with them and is as young at heart as any.

In Albany and New York, and, indeed, all up State, there are hundreds of young men who will cast their first vote for Judge Herrick this fall. Their families are of Republican principles and they will vote for Roosevelt. But for Governor they will split the ticket and go for Herrick.

Mr. Herrick, from the beginning of his political career as District Attorney until now, has had more first votes than any other man that ever ran for political office.

Many of the young men who call upon him are office seekers. They have a strong and a commendable desire to get into politics. They want to get in, not for the money nor for the honor, but because they conceive it to be a duty.

To these Judge Herrick gives the right kind of advice, helping some and discouraging others.

As proof of his popularity with young men, it can be mentioned that he has been given partridge dinners at the University Club of Albany, which is a young men's club, and game dinners at all the other clubs and hotels in Albany. At these dinners it was no unusual sight to see a dozen young men of twenty surrounding Judge Herrick, all laughing and chaffing.

"The Judge never leaves you in the slightest doubt of his disapproval," said one young man who had been confiding in him. "But he never pitches into you. He always sympathizes with you just the same. He can influence you without seeming to do so."

From the minute his nomination was announced Judge Herrick began to receive telegrams of congratulation. A cable arrived from Paris ten hours after the news was flashed from Saratoga. A London cable arrived within twelve hours. Within twenty-four hours there were two hundred baskets of letters and telegrams of congratulation.

The next day there were twice as many. And these letters are still arriving. They are from Democrats and Republicans alike. One of them reads:

"I shall vote for Roosevelt for President but for Herrick for Governor."

Another telegram says: "I did not think there was a man in the world for whom I would forsake the Republican party. But there is one, and Herrick is the man."

Then there are letters and telegrams from what they call the Old Guard. These are politicians and citizens, men out of the running, men who have even got out of the habit of voting and who have let politics go for the past ten years. These men are now getting together to work for Herrick. Though only 58, he has bosom friends among men who would be older than his father if the elder Herrick were living.

There is one ordeal which the Judge particularly dreads. And this is the saying good-bye to the Justices of the Supreme Court. For thirteen years they have worked together. And now to say good-bye to them!

"I don't know how Judge Herrick will stand it. But it breaks me all up just to think of it," said one of the Justices.

In all his career on the bench the acts of the Judge have been without a single criticism.

Judge Herrick's manner upon the platform is singularly felicitous. He is a ready speaker and he has a way of making you feel as though he were addressing you. Nothing disconcerts him.

He early learned the lesson of self-possession. Long years ago, when only a lawyer's clerk, he was sent out to make a stump speech. It was in a little village at a cross roads, where all had gathered in a schoolhouse to hear the young Democrat speak.

Mr. Herrick in those days was a slender youth, shy in manner and with nothing to support him upon the platform except the courage of his convictions. The chairman introduced him and then he advanced to the front of the platform. He had no notes, but started out at once upon his subject.

All went well for the first few sentences. And then, at a telling point Mr. Herrick glanced down. In the very front seat sat a pretty girl, and she winked at him.

The speech went all to pieces. But the incident taught the young man self-possession, and he is to-day one of the best speakers in the country.

Judge Herrick's password has always been "honesty." Other methods may succeed temporarily but in the long run honesty wins out, he says. And then he adds:

"And in the short run, too. You cannot have self-respect unless you are honest. Speak out. Do the right thing. Let your deeds be upright. Do nothing underhand. Never straddle the fence. Come out honestly and truly with your opinion. Let people know where you stand. That is the course which will win out every time."

Judge Herrick loves to read magazines and novels. The house in which he lives is a large handsome residence of Colonial style at 151 Washington avenue, Albany. It is a four story and basement house. As you enter the front door there is a wide hall, with the parlor on the right. Back of the parlor is a deep, handsome library with a wide bay window in which is built an inviting window seat. Back of the library is the dining room, and back of this is a large square veranda looking out upon handsome grounds back of the house.

There is a pretty front yard, and windows open at the side of the house looking down

toward the City Hall.

This house was once the home of Daniel Manning, and Mrs. Manning, his widow, now lives next door. Judge Herrick bought the house of the Manning estate, and after extensive renovation he moved into it with all the heirlooms of the Herrick family.

Although Judge Herrick leads a life which is well filled with honors and duties he finds some time for home amusements. He is fond of pets, and when he walks around his library a small poodle, Dandy, is pretty sure to follow in his footsteps.

Back of the house in the grounds there stands a dog kennel, and here there are handsome hunters, the property of Charles Herrick, and there is also a fighting bulldog. Mr. Herrick is very fond of pets and can never refuse a dog that is offered to him either as a gift or as a purchase.

Near neighbors to Judge Herrick, past or present, have been Judge Amasa Parker, Bradford R. Wood, Daniel Manning. The Fort Orange Club is across the street, and on Saturday night Judge Herrick runs across to tell stories and have a little supper with his friends.

These Fort Orange Club suppers are famous. Here Gov. Odell, Senator Hill, Judge Parker and others have met on Saturday nights to talk together on neutral ground.

Last Christmas the Fort Orange Club had a Christmas tree. David B. Hill received a bottle of Herrick's liniment, and Judge Herrick received a banner on which was written: "Peace be with thee, Dowie Hill." Senator Hill has frequently dined with the Herrick family.

A particularly pleasant spot is Judge Herrick's family dinner table. Being of good New York Dutch origin the family table still clings, in a way, to the good old Dutch Van Twiller living.

Mrs. Herrick in her youth was a famous baker of pies. But of late she has left the pies to the pastry cook. Miss Helen Herrick—for in Albany every girl must learn housewifery—made the family jam this year, and when not busy at her literary pursuits has done up her mother's preserves.

Not to know how to cook is a disgrace in Albany, and so both Miss Helen and Miss Bertha Herrick boast their proficiency in this line. After Miss Helen Herrick was graduated from the finishing school the Judge said:

"Cook the dinner, my daughter, and I will give you a diamond ring."

For three months Miss Helen studied cookery. Then came the eventful dinner, all prepared by her own hands. It consisted of soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes and pudding. The Judge brought home the ring and bestowed it after the feast. Everything was a success at that dinner, even to the salt and the ice water.

Judge Herrick himself boasts many an accomplishment. He is a great walker. He enjoys the theatre and sees all the new plays. When in New York he lives at the Holland House, and there is never a first night that does not find him in the stalls.

At home he plays cards, sings well, is something of a musician, and is an all-round entertainer. His dinners to the Supreme Court have been famous for years for the wit of the host.

The Judge reads a great deal and is fond of the newspapers. He considers them great educators, and there is never a morning

that he does not read THE SUN. A SUN reporter called on him a few days ago.

"What is your advice to the growing youth?" asked the reporter.

"Well," said the Judge, "I don't want to advise the young man of to-day, for he is a very capable young person. But I know how I was brought up."

"I was taught these things:

"Pay your debts.

"Don't lie.

"Respect the name of a woman.

"And fight at a drop of the hat."

"Mind you, I don't advise young men to follow these precepts. But they were the precepts of my youth."

"What is my opinion of married life? Well, I have been married thirty years happily, and I am prejudiced. When you have been married as long as I have you feel one of two ways. Either your wife is a part of yourself, or you dislike her. After thirty years there is no middle course. If things have turned out well you are more thoroughly in love than ever. That is my experience."

"Do I believe in politics for young men? Yes, if the young man is of the right sort. He must be hard working, honest, true, loyal and self-sacrificing. He must be clean and as nearly upright as it falls to the lot of mortal man to be."

"That is my idea of politics and the young man."

NAPS AND LONGEVITY.

Two Interesting Impressions Brought Back to the Busy City From Cape Cod.

"We have just returned from Cape Cod, where we spent our vacation with a great-uncle," said the Manhattan woman, "and I brought two vivid impressions back with me."

"One was the picture of our great-uncle, 83 years old, and as straight as an arrow, standing waist deep in the water, hauling in fish as fast as he could handle the line. His hair and beard are snow white, but his cheeks are as ruddy as a schoolboy's."

"The other thing was a little interview we had when we called at the home of the local expressman to see about having our baggage sent ahead of us to New York. His wife came to the door, and when we asked for the man of the house she seemed doubtful."

"Of course, if it's urgent, I can call him," she said, "but I hate to, for he's just takin' his nap."

"We begged her not to disturb him and said we had no idea he had so much night work that it made it necessary for him to sleep in the daytime."

"Oh, no," she explained, "it isn't that, but he always takes a nap at a time of day. I guess you'll find that pretty near everybody on the Cape is takin' a nap just about now."

"And, sure enough, we did."

A Philanthropic Joke.

From the London Daily Mail.

First a halfpenny and then a gold piece gave considerable amusement to a small crowd in the Rue Dauphin, Paris.

The former coin was placed on the pavement and lay untouched for an hour and a half before it was picked up by an old lady, who carefully placed it in her reticule, despite the derisive cheers which were accorded her by those who were watching.

An American gentleman then placed a 20 franc piece on the ground, and as a pedestrian after pedestrian passed without seeing it they were startled by the uproarious laughter from doors and windows. They stopped short, looked confused and then hurried away with indignant glances at the merry-makers.

The last coin was last picked up by a bent and feeble old man, who hobbled off with his treasure amid enthusiastic cheers.